



# News from Peef & Lo

## The Final Chapter...

Our first correspondence as Peef & Lo came in the form of a newsletter we sent out to our wedding party way back in 1997. After the wedding, the newsletter took a larger shape — and we began sending it out to friends and family, in an effort to keep them apprised of our “adventures” during our newlywed years. We shared the hardships and joys of those first years — with a bit of humor thrown in for good measure.

During that time, we never took ourselves very seriously. Often, we spent the newsletter admitting our faults and recounting our mistakes. But we have to admit, we enjoyed ourselves immensely. And some of you, we know, enjoyed yourselves too. Frequently we would get phone calls or emails from random “fans”, sharing how much they enjoyed an article. We received regular editorial letters from Grandma Francis — who would often match our stories with some of her own. And we were always happy for those bits and pieces of constructive criticism.

But now, ten years later, here we are. Still Peef and Lo. But in a very different place. And living in a very different world. Time has grown short. Paper has gotten scarce. Postage has gone the way of gasoline — and gotten expensive.

And so — Peef and Lo have plans for a fantastic revolution...

Before you freak out, we'd like to reassure you that we're NOT planning to disappear. Nope, we couldn't do that. We're simply going to take our gig and move it into the 21st Century by starting a BLOG.

Yup. A blog.

Now, what does that mean, exactly?

Well — rather than finding our newsletter in your mailbox, you'll be able to visit us online. Anytime you like. Dressed or undressed. Day or night. Happy or sad.

Many of you probably already know about blogs (hey, kids, this isn't anything new), but for those of you who need a lesson — here's the down & dirty: *In simple terms, a blog is a web site, where*

*someone writes stuff on an ongoing basis. It's a bit like a journal — only it's public. New stuff shows up at the top, so visitors can read what's new. Then they comment on it or link to it or email you. Or not.*

Just to show you that we're serious, we've already purchased some real estate out there on the Information Superhighway. You'll be able to find us at: <http://www.peefandlo.blogspot.com/>

In some ways, this whole process is a bit scary for us. We're not sure EXACTLY how we will approach our site. But we plan to “blog” on a regular basis. We might check in regularly — on Wednesday nights, for instance. Or, we might randomly log on and post our comments about random topics that we think are interesting. You might hear a diatribe from Peef one day about the music he's into. Or you might log-on and find Lo raving about something she found at the Farmer's market. Peef and Lo might even get online together and compose short works of poetry or prose. And, most assuredly, we'll post pictures for you to gawk at. The fact is, you never know what you'll find when you visit our blogspot. *News From Peef and Lo* isn't dying. It's just transmogrifying. (big word — you can look it up online when you read our blog). We'll keep on keeping on, telling the stories of Peef & Lo... and you are always welcome to listen in.

BUT FIRST — we'd like to share with you a sort of “tribute” issue. A sampler, if you will. This issue contains a little bit of everything — some laughter, some tears, some joy, some sorrow. And hopefully — some good memories.

Thanks, guys — and we'll see you online!

## The End of An Era...

Volume 9 Issue last

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**WE COULDN'T  
HAVE SAID IT  
BETTER  
OURSELVES...**

*Try a thing you haven't done three times. Once, to get over the fear of doing it. Twice, to learn how to do it. And a third time to figure out whether you like it or not.*

— Virgil Thomson

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# Cooking with Peef & Lo: Dad eats TVP MARCH 2000

If you thought our last feature was weird — you haven't caught wind of this story.

It's not really so weird to hear that Paul and Lori are eating all kinds of foreign-sounding foods. After all, Paul has a million earrings and Lori studied dead languages in college.

But, it's pretty strange when they can get someone else to share in their odd little feasts. This time, that unsuspecting stranger was none other than Wally Francis — self declared junk food junky. How did this happen?

Well, he wandered into their realm around 6:00pm one clear Tuesday evening, looking to use their telephone to make an innocent business call. He

couldn't have suspected what awaited him.

(Lori answers the door)

"Hi."

"Hi. I stopped by to use your phone"

(both parties ascend the stairs)

"Go ahead. Hey, are you going right home? Do you want some dinner?"

Before he could think twice, Lori threw together a "chicken" sandwich, a few kernels of tender white corn, and a couple of token potato chips.

Before Wally knew it, he was gnawing on a sandwich containing something he



TVP for you and me

had never even heard of before, let a lone eaten: TEXTURIZED VEGETABLE PROTEIN —that mildly rubbery, tofu-like substance that Vegetarians around the globe slip discretely into chilies and spaghetti sauces instead of ground beef. An ugly looking substance that could never survive if it was forced to depend on looks alone.

And guess what? He thought it was pretty good.

He didn't quite understand why you would bother going through the work of eating TVP instead of chicken — but he ate it without complaint. And that's pretty cool.

## Hello, my name is Greta

So, we moved. And we moved the cats. And the cats took to the house immediately and we've had little/no adaptation issues.

It's almost a crime — the owners of the home have had more adjustment issues than their fine little feline friends. I should mention that Elmo LOST his diary in the move, and since we haven't had the time to work on replacing it, his writing habit has waned a bit. And Zoe has developed this odd little habit of sliding down the banister upstairs — which was amusing at first, but has grown a bit disturbing.

But, since there's really no news in describing how the cats have acclimated quickly and well to their new surroundings, I guess I have to find something else to amuse you in this issue.

What if I told you that I found a Japanese website that sells CLOTHING for cats.

Now I realize that people here in the states dress their dogs in goofy little outfits and prance them around for other people to see... but do they dress their cats? Apparently they do — and they can order the clothes directly from Japan!!

In case you're curious (and I know you all are), the web address is: <http://www.petoffice.co.jp/catprin/english/#hiyoko>

The site turned up as a humorous discussion on one of the other sites I frequent... and when I checked it out, I couldn't believe what I saw. There were cats in all sorts of get-up — from CHICKEN costumes to frog suits to



"Dalmation-style Tippetts". It was quite nearly obscene.

I mean — whose cat is going to want to embarrass his/herself dressing up like another animal? It made me wonder if there's a possibility that our cats have masquerade balls when we're not around... quite the amusing thought. Still, I doubt Elmo and Zoe would

want Paul or I buying costumes FOR them. These are the kinds of things that one likes to pick out for oneself.

In any case, I'm feeling like a pretty good cat owner at this juncture. Our cats, after all, made an impressive transition into our new home. They seem to be happy and healthy. And at the very least — I don't dress them up like little Russian housekeepers!!

## A Short Tribute

Sometimes spring brings more than just an urge for spring cleaning. Sometimes it brings a strange and untimely reminder about how short life really is... and how important it is to live every moment.

Lo's aunt Kathy passed away on March 19th this year at the age of 50. After a long, courageous battle with lymphoma — Kathy became a shining example of what it means to live and die in faith.

Peef and Lo mourned equally at the loss. For Peef — it was the loss of a woman who had become a great friend and confidante... a member of Lo's family who embraced him immediately and made him feel a part of the family, even before he was *officially* part of it.

For Lo, it was the loss of an aunt of whom she had decades of fond memories — a woman who was always willing to share anything that she had, and who never failed when it came to bringing something goofy to the metaphorical table.

Kathy was a small person. But she had a big heart.

When it was cold outside, Peef and Lo spent long hours visiting in family room — sipping cups of coffee and commiserating about the ups and downs of life.

When the weather was favorable, Kathy loved to work in her yard, and she was always busy tuning up her lawn mower, tending her lilacs, or doing "crazy" things like waxing her Weber grill. She loved to fish—and she always had a story about

her adventures on the lake.

You might remember a story last spring about the lilac bushes that Kathy gave to Peef and Lo to put in their back yard. Well—this year, those bushes are a little bit more special. Bushes that only one month ago looked like a patch of dead sticks are now filled with buds and blooms, and will soon be covered with the fullness of spring. As the warmer weather approaches, they're a symbol of something bigger than the two of us. Life BEYOND understanding. Life more powerful than death.

So, here's a small space ... in a small publication ... devoted to a woman with a big heart, and an even bigger presence.

## APRIL 2005

May 7th turned out to be just the right moment to begin gardening. As it turns out, we needed a bit of extra time to revive everything that died.

Well, I'm almost kidding.

Not everything died, but we did have a relatively disturbing episode with our eggplant. Do you happen to remember last year when our Oregano plant ever so rudely strangled our beautiful Jalapeno? Well, this story beats that one out by a stretch. At least Paul thinks so.

In this story, Lori kills the plant. And THAT (as we all know) is always a cause for laughter.

The story begins when our beautiful, budding eggplant becomes infested with a mountain of tiny green aphids.

Yuck. Lori knew something would have to be done. So, she immediately called Mom to find out what one can do (short of ordering a bin of ladybugs) to get rid of aphids organically. Mom, in her brilliance, suggested insecticidal soap — even better, she brought over a small bottle of the stuff for Lori to use.

Lori immediately went out with her spray bottle and hounded the little critters with soap. "HA HA!" she cried, in her most evil voice, "Take that you aphids!" When she had exhausted the bottle, she went into the house.

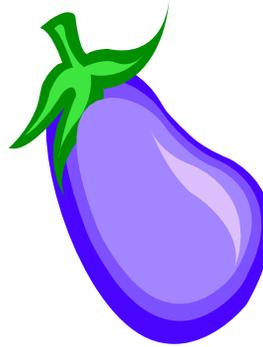
A day or two later, she checked the plant to find that the soap was working superbly. Most of the aphids were gone, but there were a few stubborn ones who she needed to get rid of. Realizing she was completely out of insecticidal soap, she remembered reading somewhere that one could make such a concoction out of everyday dish soap diluted with water. This is true.

She mixed up a batch and sprayed the whole eggplant — top to bottom. Surely they would be dead by morning, she thought.

Indeed — when we checked on the plant the next morning, the aphids were dead. And so, it appeared, was the eggplant. It was brown. And wilted. And very sad looking indeed.

Lori immediately called Mom again — who stated the soap concentration had probably been too much for the plant. Of course, Lori thought, I go and kill my prize plant in July, when there's no time for replacement!

Well, Mom heard Lori's little lost cries, and she arrived on the porch with a



To Be... Or NOT To Be...

huge, new eggplant — completely alive and bearing fruit. Lori was in heaven — but also completely petrified. "What, after all, will we do if we kill this one?" she thought.

The plant thrived for a week or two. And one day we came out to find that it too had become infested with aphids. UGH! PANIC! WHAT TO DO?

Certainly there would be no more soap applied, for fear of frying the plant... So, we

waited.

And then, like a rainbow appearing in the sky, Lori saw something that made her heart skip a beat — a ladybug. Right there, on the plant.

We decided to leave her with the feast of aphids for a day or two to see what happened.

When we checked on her a few days later, we saw... more ladybugs. Five ladybugs, six, seven... Ten ladybugs!! God sent us ladybugs to eat our aphids! Now this was cool! We watched, and sure enough, in a week or so, the ladybugs were gone and so were the aphids.

It was a miracle — and a delicious one at that :)

## Peef is EVIL.. Tell ALL your Friends

### MARCH 2002

Alright, fine. So we've had an awfully mild winter. And fine. It hasn't snowed very much at all.

But tell me why ... EVERY time it has snowed this year ... Paul has been on some sort of trip to a warmer clime??? (Can you say California? Arizona? Texas?)

Is this some sort of national conspiracy? An evil plan to force Lo to shovel copious amounts of sidewalk?

**It must be.**

And now, thinking back, I should have known.

I'm taken back to the day when we signed the lease with our landlord, Steve (the evil landlord, you'll recall from the front page, who doesn't seem to like repairing refrigerators). We had just finished having a discussion about whether or not he would allow us to put gardens in the backyard. And suddenly — the conversation turned suspiciously to snow shoveling. Steve asked us (was

that a wink I saw in Paul's general direction???) if we'd be willing to shovel HALF of the sidewalk during the winter months.

Since half of the sidewalk didn't seem like much, especially for two people, we volunteered. And things went along merrily. UNTIL this lovely winter.

Lo has an appointment this weekend to get the shovel detached from her poor, withering arm.

## A Note About Old Pipes.



No, not THOSE kinds of pipes. But that's cute. Very cute.

We're talking about water pipes. In a house built in the 1920's. We're talking about under-the-kitchen-

sink type pipes that were placed just a bit TOO close to the outside wall. We're talking about pipes that tend to FREEZE when the wind chill gets a bit too low.

Yes. Yes. Yes. Peef and Lo have discovered yet another joy about living in an older home. Freezing pipes.

It was fun — waking up and attempting to turn on the water to wash the breakfast dishes, only to discover that the hot water was... well, it WASN'T. And that was the problem.

Of course, our immediate impulse was to panic. Visions of busted water pipes and other monstrous disasters clouded our minds. We paused to pray. And then we

### JANUARY 2004

checked the basement. We were fortunate that we found our frigid pipes in time. Nothing burst. Nothing leaked. We just had to spend a bit of time with a hair-dryer. And then make sure that we hooked up a bit of heat tape to those pipes so that they wouldn't freeze up on us again.

So — we survived, the only side effects being a temporary case of plumber's-butt and a couple of bad pipe dreams.

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## The End of An Era...

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AMOR SITIS UNITI!

